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Easter Hymns.

BY J. R. FITZGIBBON, '92.

Easter music partakes of the gladness of the Easter day. The longing of Advent, the sweet joys of Christmas and the contrition and penance of Lent were but the preliminaries preparing us for the sublime and glorious Pasch—Easter. Nature adds to the joy of the day by laying aside the sombre garments she has worn so long. Enveloped in her raiment of gorgeous green, her gladness is only equalled by the joyous carols of her returning birds.

As Easter is the summit of the mysteries of the sacred liturgy, so in its music the pinnacle of joyfulness is reached. The music is of the happy, gladsome tones of the angels when first they sang *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* In the Christian the day awakens an enthusiasm limited only by the depth of his heart. On this day he knows that his Redeemer showed His dominion over earthly laws and arose to take His destined place at the right hand of His Father. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* sang the angels when Christ was born; *Regina Cœli lætare* sing we all on this glad Easter morn in praise of her who saw her Son triumph over death and ascend to eternal glory. It was her happiest day, and for this we are thrice happy.

It is in honor of Mary, the great Mother of God, at whose blessed name every Christian heart pulsates with love and veneration, that one of our most joyous Easter hymns is sung; this is the *Regina Cœli lætare*, first used by St. Gregory. It is a magnificent melody, a triumphant burst of joy. The jubilant exclamations, the glowing words of exultation and the glorious Alleluia—with which the streets and squares of the heav-

enly Jerusalem resound without ceasing—proclaim that her sorrows have ended and that “the day hath dawned which knoweth no evening”:

“Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven, Alleluia!
He whom thou wast meet to bear, Alleluia!
As He promised, hath arisen, Alleluia!
Pour for us to Him thy prayer, Alleluia!”

The *Victimæ Paschali*, the most stirring, sublime anthem of which sacred music can boast, is generally attributed to Wipo, the chaplain of Conrad II. It is a glorious picture of the triumph of our Saviour over death:

“Life and death in dreadful strife
Have met; death claims the Lord of life;
Then He, immortal, bursts death’s chains,
And His eternal throne regains.”

The *Aurora Cœlum Purpurat*, written by an imitator of St. Ambrose, expresses the true Easter spirit in the following verses, bidding adieu to sorrow and welcoming joy:

“Enough of tears! enough of sighs!
Away with all the funeral woes;
For, hark! the white-robed angel cries:
‘This morn death’s Conqueror arose.’”

The *Ad Regias Agni Dapes*, one of the most famous vesper hymns was composed by an imitator of St. Ambrose, as was also the *Tristes Erant Apostoli* which describes how

“With heart and nameless dread
The sad Apostles mourned the fate
Of Christ, who in the tomb lay dead,
The Victim of His servants’ hate.”

The *Paschale Mundi Gaudium*, from the *Aurora Cœlum*, is a beautiful hymn of praise describing the Resurrection and the meeting of Our Lord with His Apostles:

“Exultingly the Paschal sun,
Bathes all the earth with molten gold;
Resplendently the risen One
His glad Apostles now behold.”

This hymn concludes with the following prayer,

which finds a responsive echo in every Christian heart:

"Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus be,
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls, redeemed by Thee,
Share Heaven's eternal Paschal tide."

To God the Father glory be,
And glory to His risen Son,
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run."

Mid-Summer Night's Dream.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[The following opinions were written in the class-room after one reading of Shakspere's play. The time allotted was not over three-quarters of an hour.]

Whenever the question is put to one who has had any literary education, let it be ever so superficial, "What do you think of Mid-Summer Night's Dream?" the person questioned usually goes in raptures over the comedy, or extravagance, call it what you will. He will express himself somewhat like this: "Perfectly charming!" "What depth of thought!" "What sublimity of expression!" Now, it has always been a question in my mind whether these people really succeed in persuading themselves that they believe what they say, or whether they deliberately borrow the words of some literary authority who praises some part of the play, and apply his opinion to the whole play. It may be that my soul is not sufficiently elevated to appreciate the beauty of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" as a play; if so, then *mca culpa*; for I don't care about being brought to that state of mind. I speak here of the play *as a play*, not as a piece of literary work. Looking at it from a literary point of view, no one, not even a Philistine, can repress his admiration. The play is resplendent in gems that sparkle brilliantly from their setting in a field of very common earth. Oberon is full of poetry, and he gives expression to it on every possible occasion. He says:

"Marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

There is again a beautiful passage (beautiful is a poor adjective, but I can't think of any other); I mean the passage that begins:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows."
The play is also full of most charming little lyrics, full of music, so sweet that we can safely say that in this composition the light, airy touch of Shakspere reaches the highest point.

C. A. PAQUETTE.

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Whether we view Shakspere as a poet of nature or regard him as the gifted expositor of human character in all its varied phases, his

work ever bears the impress of a master-hand. Whether he paints the quiet woodland scene or delineates the contending passions that rend the soul of an ambitious monarch; whether he stoops to muse awhile upon the spot where the bolt of Cupid

"— fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,"

or lays open to us the heart of a conqueror,— a Cæsar or an Anthony, we cannot but give vent to our admiration and exclaim: here is life and color! here is the originality of a masterful genius! As a true poet, he was a devoted lover of nature, and as a rare genius he was pre-eminently successful in portraying the least of her children,—the humble flowers of the wayside. In "Mid-Summer-Night's Dream" we have, perhaps, the most exquisite production of the poet's extreme versatility. It is not to be regarded as a great work, nor can it be compared—as far as action and passion are concerned—with any of his great tragedies or comedies, for it was not written to "point a moral." It is simply a literary gem, but of such delicate and charming lustre that a Shakspere alone could have fashioned it to mortal use. It is scarcely the work of the imagination, but rather the sportive pranks of that airy child of the imagination called Fancy. What is more suggestive of dreams and fairies and the quaint and motley train of hobgoblins and sprites that

"— the groves may tread
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair-blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams"

than the name itself? The night is calm and serenely beautiful; the heavens, with "chaste and quiet eye," look down on sleeping earth; the mild zephyrs hover drowsily over the sleeping flowers swaying them gently to and fro, and scattering their fragrance over woodland and meadow. And then sweet Athens where the scene is laid! How romantic a spot for this play of fancy! How pregnant with poesy and poetic environments is this beloved spot where the Muses first responded to the invocations of the early bards! The characters are not the men and women of ordinary life, neither representative types of the ancient Greeks, nor yet creatures of a supernatural order. They are but creatures of earth idealized and surrounded by that indefinable "stuff that dreams are made of" which far removes them from all contact with "things of earth—earthly." They are given to all sorts of whimsical and unaccountable actions, and are to be held as little responsible as the sprites and fairies with whom they mingle. Oberon and Titania among the sprites of the wood are certainly our ideals of these fantastical little personages, while Puck is undoubtedly the cleverest conception of the mischief-working hobgoblin that is to be met with in any poet. Of plot there is little or none at all; nor should there be; for in this particular instance inconsistency is necessary to observe consistency.

It is a dream (and "thereby hangs a tale"),—a dream as vague and fantastical indeed as nocturnal visitations generally are; hence an unbridled play of fancy. The exquisite perfection of art is visible in the delightful profusion exhibited in the fairy scenes and the sweet and musical lines the poet puts upon the lips of these dainty little sprites in contrast to the vulgar and boorish jargon of the sturdy yeomen. Its sweetness cannot be comprehended at the first reading; for, like all truly poetic productions, it discloses at each successive perusal new and rarer beauties. It is not a great work, then, but one which will endure as a model of artistic and delicate word-painting than which there is none more charming in any language. It is a delicate fabric through which the golden thread of idealism is deftly interwoven. It is, finally, a prolonged lyric combining the freshness and sweet harmony of fairest nature with the fascinating vagueness of the spirituality of dreamland.

F. J. SULLIVAN.

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Perhaps the greatest triumphs of the intellect have been consummated in the field of literature. If this be so, Shakspere's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is a triumph among triumphs. Beautiful poetry is but the attempted expression of the highest yearnings of the human soul. In this play transcendent gems are scattered throughout. One cannot read it without feeling that it voices his noblest aspirations in a most wonderful tongue. There is in its sublime passages a note for each individual; no matter how he differ from the accepted judgment with regard to the achievements of other masters of song he is invariably touched by Shakspere's melody. Herein consists the highest pinnacle of art; for Shakspere has made his poetry a universal song which every man sings with varying, but all with some, delight. He read nature so thoroughly that he almost forces us to say that art is nature. He looked for and found the beautiful in nature; for the nearer we get to throbbing nature the sublimer our theme becomes. He knew so well how to take the lighter passions of the human heart and weave about them a web of fascination that transports the reader from the land of fact into a most ethereal fairydom. This phase of his art we see to perfection in the exquisitely wrought passages of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." They appear almost too fragile in their beauty of language to look upon; yet examine them and it will be seen that their beauty is derived from their infinitely subtle study of the spiritual aspect of created beings. The speeches even in "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" are not merely pictur-esque fantasies, but bear and repay the most careful analysis.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

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There is a subtle sweetness to be found in this lyrical gem of Shakspere's second period that charms the cultivated reader while it pleases

the less appreciative intellect. It is as fanciful as its name, as airy as its fairy characters and as musical as a harp; it is wonderfully clever in its construction, sparkling here and there with superb gems of poetic beauty and rippling with the nonsensical drollery of its clownish Bottom. No name could crown it so tastefully as the one which describes its nature; it is heavy throughout with the fragrance of a summer's night; its transitions and charming oddities are echoes of a dream, and as pleasing as a memory of such. As for the life that bubbles up in the dells, where the flower love-lies-bleeding; they are bits of airy nothingness to which the poet has given "a local habitation and a name." They seem to float on the summer wind by the sole quality of their intangibility, wonderfully beautiful and clever, with sweet-bits upon their lips and unsung music tripping in dainty measures from their feet as they chase the moon, o'er hill-side and dale. Then the mischievous little sprite "Puck" with his fairy philosophy topped off by his fiendish mockery. Such little creatures thrown in among the sterner mortals of life are "mosaics," cleverly cast where beauty appears more splendid. We seem to fly after Puck as he trips around for the "juice"; laugh when he leads the angered lovers into a charming chase, and readily forgive him when he says of man "What fools these mortals be!" Theseus is a fine specimen of manhood, but not quite warm enough for an ardent lover, as we should suppose his royal highness to be; but if he is not as fervent as we could desire, he is more philosophical than we could expect; his speech upon "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," and a manly taste for preferring the "Tedious Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe"—which is certainly the most nonsensical nothingness in the whole of Shakspere—are pleasing transitions back to earth. The fair ones are modern maidens, not too delicate to scratch each other, yet not delicate enough to run through the woods after their lovers who through the criss-crosses of Puck come to a happy grief in the end. Now for the clown which is so characteristic in all of Shakspere's plays,—Bottom and his humble fellow-actors, is charmingly droll in his self-importance, a true prophesy, we may say, of a large number of nineteenth century youths; his dry humor are so cleverly out of place as to make him more clownish than he would be out of this dream-like play. "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is so abundant with light, airy and pretty speeches that it is hard to pick one bud without seeing another equally as beautiful; and to pick all is to make a bouquet too large for a mere appreciation. Suffice it to say that the speeches of Oberon, Titania and Theseus are charming.

J. E. BERRY.

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If after a long day's hard labor of any kind the man of a liberal education wishes to spend some time in diverting reading he should take down from the shelves Shakspere's "Mid-Sum-

mer Night's Dream." It is exactly what its title declares—a dream. All the characters in it are good, harmless creatures; nothing in it is serious. It contains no reality and no passion. Its acts and scenes succeed one another as gently as the wavelets of a bubbling brook. The places and characters of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" are of no land or nation, and the scrupulous critic who is shocked to find the word gunshot mentioned when the play takes place in antiquity should but remember that the poet intended to write a dream. This comedy is hardly suited for the stage, but should be quietly read at home.

JOSEPH JUST.

* * *

"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is to my mind the most beautiful of all of Shakspere's comedies. It is a beautiful dream—the production of a wonderful imagination,—and it charms us with its music and its mirth. The fairies are creatures of a dream. They personify all that is beautiful and joyful, and make us long for the good old time of phantoms and hobgoblins. The mortals are not the grand characters depicted in "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and others of Shakspere's plays. They are, however, entirely in keeping with the other characters in the play. Some are gay and joyful, while others are by turns amusing or sad and sentimental. Bottom and Quince and their fellows are earthy creatures, and they are to be met with on every side, even at the present day. The speech of Oberon during his scene with Puck is most beautiful. He says:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and the eglantine;
And where the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in."

These lines make us long for the "cool, sequestered nook" where we can sit listening to the soothing songs of the fairies and allow the branches of trees to fan us. This play is, then, a poet's dream, and we love it as such.

H. C. MURPHY.

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This play, while not intended to rank among the heavier dramas of Shakspere, is remarkable for its charm and simplicity, as well as its light and airy qualities. It contains so many exquisite lyrical passages that it would be useless to attempt to consider more than one in the short space of time allotted to us. The passage which appeals most forcibly to me is the one beginning with the line: "Now the hungry lion roars." The extract at once makes a lasting impression on anyone who troubles himself to read it a second time. The simplicity of the language is only exceeded by the musical harmony of the metre; while the depth and condensation of the thought expressed in each line are only enhanced by the wide range which it embraces. Is it possible to conceive anything grander, more striking and withal so pleasing?

But did "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" contain nothing more than these twenty lines, no one could study it and not profit by it. This is not the case, however, as Shakspere throughout the whole drama seems to have given his wonderful poetic imagination full scope. Nevertheless, it would be absurd to conclude that Shakspere intended it to be a heavy play, or that it should contain a plot. He wished it to be regarded merely as a dream. This fact does not in the least detract from the merit of the play, however, and we are obliged to conclude that "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" has tended to raise the reputation of the greatest dramatist the world has yet produced.

PIERCE A. MURPHY.

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Of all Shakspere's dramas this one is the most lyrical. In no part of it do we strike a discordant note, and the music continues to the end. Seriousness would be out of place here, so that every note is one of pleasure. We are not shocked by the fancy of Titania for Bottom, but rather smile at it. Shakspere has made his fairies light, airy creatures as they should be, who seem to flit around like a breath of wind. They have reached perfection in Puck; on him Shakspere has put the mark of his genius. He is just the opposite of the sprite Ariel in the "Tempest." He plays all sorts of pranks, and is never pleased unless in some sort of mischief; nevertheless, we love him for all his faults, and even smile at some of his tricks. Shakspere has brought out the fairies in a sharper but softer outline by a background of rough, uncouth tradesmen who intend to give a play before Duke Theseus. Of these men Bottom is the most amusing. His mistakes are so comical that we cannot restrain our laughter. He is an example of a class of men who wish to do everything though they know not how to do it.

The women characters of this play are of the light sort; nevertheless, they are true women as all Shakspere's female characters are. I think to fully appreciate this drama one must have poetic feeling, otherwise much of its beauty is lost.

J. A. MAGUIRE.

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When we criticise a play or a poem, the question is not how many mistakes can be found, but the first thing is to look for its merits. Accordingly, then, I shall not look for the petty mistakes in grammar which occur in the play, Shakspere's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," but for its merits taken as a whole. "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is a lyric of the light and airy kind. While reading the play we unconsciously are carried along by the narrative without having time to reflect upon the excellent lessons contained in it. But on a second or third reading and careful study we find that Shakspere has touched upon many subjects worthy of consideration. These, from time to time, appear either

through the mouths of Oberon, Puck, or some one else.

The lovers, Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia and Helena, are characters of very little value; but the fairies are very charming. They are really the characters of the play, the others being only, as it were, instruments to carry out their designs. One feels while reading the "dream," and seeing the fairies gliding before one's eyes, that it is a dream; yet such a pleasant one that we wish it to continue. The drama is musical from the beginning to the end. Although it contains several short lyrics, yet it is unnecessary to make any special comment on these because, as I have said, the drama is one lyric. We cannot be surprised that it has furnished food for the genius of a Mendelssohn.

C. S. BURGER.

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The sweetest notes coming from the strings of the harp were never more delightful to the vibrating cords of the heart nor euphonious to the educated ear than those displayed by Shakspere's genius in "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." As a play, I hardly think it will ever get its just appreciation, and will never prove a great success on the stage; but let us for a moment discard such appreciations which are only found in a noisy audience, and give this production ample credit for its composition. The play is something odd, having characters of anything but an everyday type. Note the expressions which have a depth that requires some meditation before it can be fathomed, and at the bottom of which many jewels are found.

W. C. ROBERT.

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The "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is truly a charming piece of literature studded with many sparkling gems. While the plot, perhaps, is not clearly perceptible and not very strong, the inimitable grace and beauty of expression, and the felicitous manner in which the poet deals with the traditions of fairy-land produce a most pleasing effect. It pictures an ideal summer night's dream. It partakes of the different characters of the lyrical, the comic and the grotesque. The players before King Theseus belong to the lowest class of peasantry, and their rendition of the "tragedy" is such as one would look for among those people. The characters drawn by Shakspere in this play agree with nature, and the actions of the fairies especially are in harmony with what we should expect of them. Of course, they are only ideal persons, but still they have at all times been associated with classical and literary knowledge and criticism, and they have acquired real and distinct qualities and are as characteristic as though they had an actual existence. Our appreciation of a writer's treatment of these subjects is measured by its conformity with our conceptions of them. My favorite passage in the play is the speech of Theseus in the first scene of the fourth act, where he speaks of the "poet, the lunatic and the

lover." The description of the poet is without a rival for beauty. Numerous other charming passages might be mentioned, but the bell has rung, and "we must respect the bell."

J. S. HUMMER.

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The "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is on the one hand fanciful, far-fetched and often ridiculous, and on the other beautiful, lyrical and sometimes philosophical. While the play is all of love and lovers, there is no deep affection or heroic love, as we see in so many of Shakspere's works; for it is what its name implies—a dream. If the parts of the Athenian lovers would scarce do justice even to such a genius as Shakspere's, we have as a background the philosophy expressed in Theseus's discourse on "the lunatic, the lover and the poet." The superb and poetical description of Titania's speech concerning the strange misbehavior of the weather is wonderful. She says:

"The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Heims' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries."

Puck is a typical fairy, full of mischief and tricks; and when he sees the foolishness of lovers whom he has made to love, he laughs and says:

"What fools these mortals be!"

It would be foolish for me to continue as the bell has given its silvery peal and summons me away.

J. A. WRIGHT.

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The play although light and airy, without any apparent moral, contains, nevertheless, many wholesome lessons. The poet speaks truly when he says: "You can find good in everything if you only take the trouble to look for it." Do not be led away by its first impression; first impressions are not always the best. In characterizing a man, one must first *know* the man—not through a mere biographical knowledge, but that knowledge which treats of his individuality and of his temperament; the same applies to a book or play. Study carefully "Mid-Summer Night's Dream"; do not dwell entirely on its extravagance, but look further into its depths, covered by that polished verse, only to make them more marvellous, and here you will find its true worth. Let the Shaksperian student be earnest and thoughtful—a detective, as it were; let him weigh each golden sentence which falls from that immortal pen—in either the scales of logic or poetry—and he will find the measure is the same.

H. G. ALLEN.

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After beginning to read "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" and noticing the characters of Demetrius, Lysander, Helena and Hermia, one would naturally expect the important characters to appear later. Such is not the case; "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is the lightest lyrical play

which Shakspere, or any other writer, ever produced. Throughout the play there is a musical cadence—a sort of natural harmony—which charms the reader from the beginning. The songs of the fairies are evidences that the author intended the play to be musical. Furthermore, there is true poetry in "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." Where in the English language could you find better similes, that is, better from a poetical point of view? The speech of Oberon to Puck, when he sends for the juice of the hearts-ease, is a vivid example of figure:

"That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West
And loosed his love shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaries passed on,
In maiden medalation, fancy free it,
Yet marked I when the bolt of Cupid fell."

Still, if the play dealt only with spirits and lovers it would become monotonous; but it is seasoned, as it were, by the touches of humor in the characters of Puck and Bottom, and the comedy given by Bottom, Flute and their companions. Besides, throughout the play there is that perfect art which characterizes Shakspere. It almost seems as if Shakspere wrote this lyric as a sort of recreation from the tragedies which he had produced before. In "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" there is no great passion in any character. You cannot compare Hermia with Desdemona, nor Helena with Portia. This brings out another peculiarity. How could the same man produce such different types of woman. In Cordelia we find all that is true and lovely in a woman; in Portia a perfect woman with a touch of manliness in her spirit; but Hermia and Helena resemble ordinary, silly girls, and the whole play seems to proclaim the author's power and genius.

B. C. BACHRACH.

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Among the several light and airy plays of our greatest of all poets, Shakspere, is the one called "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." The lyrical lines contained in this play are, to use an expression changed, songs without notes. In short, the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is a continued song. The plot, however, is lacking. Before writing this play, Shakespere had been walking in a garden of apples. It was as the name indicates, mid-summer, and the trees were laden with the fruit just ripe, and the birds were chirping and singing their favorite songs; a gentle wind was coming from the South, and he lay down on the soft green grass, his arm serving as his pillow. Sleep followed, and as the birds flew forth and back he thought they were fairies, and their songs were so sweet that his tongue could not help from uttering poetic words to adapt to them. He breathed the pure air scented with the sweet apples, and it was to

love his thoughts were turned. But then he saw some decayed fruit and this made the thoughts of neglected love flit through his mind, and thus was mingled with love the thought of hatred and envy. He awoke, and when his mind returned to consciousness he thought of what he dreamt. His pen and paper were near, so he wrote the dream in full, and from that the play was written and the surroundings and season proposed to him the manner, and he called it "The Mid-Summer Night's Dream."

F. B. CHUTE.

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The "Mid-Summer-Night's Dream" is set with gems of poetry—sweet little lyrics. Can one read the master-poet's work and not feel the power of its music? At times he "smites the chord with might" and ceases abruptly; then again, as in the fairy scene, the music is faint and sweet. The fairies are most delicately delineated. Titania, their queen, is but the perfection of Mercutio's "Queen Mab." Notice how the varied imagery disappears with the fairy scene, and with what remarkable ease you are guided from their aerial circle to the company of homely Bottom and his sportive companions. The light-mindedness of certain passages would lead one to believe that Shakspere wrote them at an early age; but again we meet with Theseus' discourse on "the lunatic, the lover and the poet"—a discourse deeply philosophical. There are other characteristics too numerous to mention. In short, I think that no poet has ever drawn a better picture of the unrealness and the aerialness of a dream.

F. E. NEEF.

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The "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" in my opinion is a very lyrical drama; although it is not to be compared with Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Henry VIII., yet there is something which pleases everybody. A student, while reading this play, always has a smiling countenance. When one looks at a picture thrown on canvas which represents an angel who has come to cheer a person while asleep, he is sure to say the dreamer is happy. Shakspere has painted just such a dream for us; but his angels are fairies. What man can read of Puck without thinking how much fun he must have had? Also when one reads of Bottom, the weaver, he feels that there are always men who think that there is nobody like themselves.

J. S. READY.

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It is, indeed, more a dream than a play; and this is most clearly shown when the rough workmen of the stage try to bring before an audience the ideal and fanciful beings born in the mind of the poet. But then in keeping with the lines:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

All the material for this play, as I will call it

does not consist of the fairies of dream-land, but in the conceptions visiting the mind of the poet a few human mortals figure in the *rôles* of this beautiful dream. Would it had been otherwise, for one is lulled almost to unconsciousness in the paradise of dream-land their presence brings us.

W. HACKETT.

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"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is a light and airy poem in which, in my opinion, the delicate touch of the author is shown at its best. The poet's delineations of character, whether they exist in mortal flesh or frenzy's fancy, are well-nigh perfect. It must be here stated, however, that these are but the impressions of the writer upon the first reading. No intelligent appreciation can hardly be ventured without giving the play hours of careful thought and study. "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" possesses in no degree the philosophical caste of Hamlet, or the force of passion and the deep-veiled thought of Macbeth and King Lear; yet it is well worth the effort it costs to master it. The characters of Lysander and Hermia appeal most to us. We can advance no particular reason for this, more than that they are loved and beloved of one another. Demetrius may be as noble, as gentle, perhaps, as Lysander; but his suit is unsuccessful. Helena, we judge, is just a trifle bitter.

J. B. SULLIVAN.

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The lightest, most airy and, at the same time, most musical of all dramas is "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." None but the master-hand of Avon's immortal bard could shape from "airy nothing" the silver-winged fairies whose sweet words charm your very soul and lift you to realms beyond the stars by the mere chanting of a little song that we call a lyric. But it is not one but many beautiful lyrics that are woven in this almost angel dream. What characters are here! Who but he who created the noble Hamlet, the sweet, angelic Ophelia, the manly woman Portia, could bring before us such charming personages as Puck, Titania and Oberon. There is no plot to the play; it is what it is called—a dream. Its music is its charm; still music is not all the merit it possesses; for, like the oases in a desert that give rest and water to the weary traveller are oases in this dream where the reader may spend many a pleasant moment drinking from its founts of sweetest water.

W. O'BRIEN.

**

A light, lyrical masterpiece is the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." A dream it truly is,—a dream full of sunshine and mirth. The personages are not of the sombre, sedate character that adorn the tragedy, but, like everything else Shaksperian, are true to their environments. It would be unfair to a great genius to say that this work is one of his best, for it is not; still it is a play that illustrates the versatility of the dramatist. The same hand that painted human

nature as an artist has yet succeeded in doing, that created the ideal Portia, that moulded into being a sincere friend like Antonio, breathed also the breath of life into the merry and fun-loving Puck. In the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" we do not meet those touches of a strong, masculine character which add so much to the value of his other works. They would be out of place in a book which has room for nothing but beauty and delight. In it are many covert allusions, referring to prominent personages of his time. The most famous allusion being the reference to "a fair vestal throned by the West," in which the dramatist wishes to add a little delicate flattery to the great amount Queen Elizabeth delighted to have lavished upon herself.

In conclusion, we may say that while this is not a play by which we can judge the genius of the author, yet it will stand, not an enduring monument to his greatness, but an example of his versatility.

J. FITZGIBBON.

Catholic Citizenship.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

Apprehension is sometimes expressed at the growth of foreign influence and the display of foreign customs; but this fear is, after all, puerile. Under our system of Government the foreigner who comes to stay is soon assimilated; and while there may be here and there instances and examples, the outgrowth of foreign habits and customs, not welcome to American notions, yet these can be only passing and temporary accidents. The foreigner, I insist, is all right, provided he is loyal to American laws and government. We have no use for any others. And why should not the foreigner be welcome in the United States? Consider for a moment what the influx of foreign immigration during the past fifty years has done for the country—the wealth thereby added to its resources, the enormous development given by it to the West especially. If this country is to-day a mighty empire of nigh seventy millions of people, majestic in power, rich in wealth, strong in resources, you owe it largely to this foreign immigration. The immigrant gives to America the most precious of hostages for his conduct and behavior it is possible for man to give to a country—his own future and his children's. His destiny and theirs is for ever more linked with the fortunes and prosperity of his new fatherland.

No matter how humble his place may be in the ranks of labor, how grotesque his garments or uncouth his speech, be assured of his loyalty. I speak for those who come in good faith and with loyal purpose. Anarchists and conspirators are entitled to no welcome among an order-loving, law-abiding people. And while I am

(Continued on page 458.)

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The conclusion of the Hon. W. J. Onahan's masterly address on "Catholic Citizenship" is given in this number. The article was begun two weeks ago and will well repay perusal.

—In beginning this week the publication of the names of our militiamen, it is only right that we should say a word as to the standing of the various companies as compared with their predecessors in the ranks, the soldiers of former years. While we would not be understood as stating that the efficiency of the men is in every case all that can be desired, or that this year's companies have far surpassed all those who preceded them, we must say that we have been much gratified to see the degree of perfection to which they have attained, and especially pleased to note the excellent spirit that animates the members of every company. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the University did militia matters run so smoothly, and rarely have such excellent results been the outcome. Nothing will tend more to promote the efficiency of our youthful soldiers than the continuance of this harmonious action and the maintenance of the present *esprit de corps*.

Miss Starr's Lecture.

It was her passionate love for art and her interest in Notre Dame that induced Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the famous art critic and connoisseur, to leave St. Joseph's cottage—a veritable home of the Muses—and to lecture on her favorite theme. Miss Starr is an enthusiast in her work. She has done more than any other woman of our age to propagate interest in, and knowledge of, the fine arts. Her own deft hand is no stranger to the brush, and the exquisite etchings which grace certain of her own works prove that the enjoyment she finds in her calling is not merely passive. Her home in Chicago is a perfect shrine in which is found all that can charm the heart and elevate the soul. It is truly—though

we say this in no reproachful mood—an oasis in a desert; and though it cannot be said that her services to Catholic literature and art have passed without notice, still it requires no prophet's gift to predict that appreciation of her work will not end with her life.

The subject of her lecture before the students on Thursday last was Raphael's famous fresco "Parnassus." Around this theme, which is in itself of surpassing interest to the student, she wove a garland of fine thoughts and poetic sentiment, interspersed with much that was interesting in the way of biography. The lay of the great painting is well known to our readers. Apollo, seated beneath the laurel trees on the summit of Parnassus, holds converse with the immortal bards of Greece and Rome. Near the god are the Graces, and near these Homer, Dante, Virgil, Horace, the Greek tragedians and the romantic Sappho—she of whom so much has been written of honest though mistaken reproach. Tasso, as the lecturer observed in an enthusiastic tribute to the most unfortunate poet, perhaps, of all Italy,—Tasso should certainly have been added to the immortal group had he not come after Raphael. The composition of the painting—we who saw but "by stereopticon" could not well judge of the coloring,—is enough to mark the master. It was the mighty, the matchless Raphael who conceived it.

Nothing is plainer than the keen delight Miss Starr takes in the classic poets, and nothing could be more pleasing than her characterization of them. It is the test of a great critic to create a real and moving sympathy with his subject. In this Miss Starr's success was beyond peradventure. Those of her audience who had shelved for a time their Homer and Virgil were recalled to a new sense of the beauty they had early known; and there can be no doubt that among those who are just entering on a study of the classics there are many who derived substantial profit as well as real pleasure from her delightful discourse.

C.

The Greeks in Turkey.

When the Turks made themselves masters of the peninsula of the Balkans, the Greeks of Constantinople obtained from the sultans many privileges by means of which, besides securing respect for themselves in the city, they obtained important charges in the government. They took up their residence chiefly in that quarter of the city called the *Phanar*, whence they

afterwards came to be named *Phanariots*. Strong in influence with the rulers, the descendants of the Byzantines wished to extend their authority to the Bulgarians, their ancient rivals in Macedonia; and as the imperial government had suppressed the bishoprics of the Bulgarian Church, they asked and obtained permission to send their bishops to Macedonia, Bulgaria and Rumelia, with a view to carry on a Greek propaganda by a blending of the predominant Greeks with the Bulgarian race. They had two objects in view in this move: to be revenged on their ancient enemies and to re-establish the Byzantine empire, destroyed with the capture of Constantinople. By means of the privileges which they enjoyed, the Greek bishops brought under their spiritual and temporal jurisdiction all the Bulgarians of Turkey, and soon set up a system of petty vexation, compelling the poor Bulgarians to pay tribute to the *Phanar*, whence came their prelates, and thus enriching themselves at the expense of these people. They laid waste the property of the Bulgarian Church, burned ancient manuscripts, founded Greek schools, and banished the Bulgarian language to remote monasteries in the mountains.

The Turks, far from opposing any obstacles to these proceedings, encouraged the vandalism of the Greeks, because they also hated the Bulgarians, and because dissensions amongst the Christians helped to make their conquest secure. For more than two centuries the Bulgarians patiently endured the double yoke of Turkish rule and Greek despotism, when, in 1762, a Bulgarian monk, by means of a history of his country, enkindled the first spark of insurrection. He had many followers, and in a short time his countrymen rose as one man against the tyranny of the Greeks, and demanded religious independence. A century of war, misfortunes and bloodshed secured to the Bulgarians the liberty for which they contended: an imperial *firman*, issued in 1870, granted them an exarch, and restored all the suppressed bishoprics, declaring that the exarch, as well as the bishops, should enjoy all the privileges formerly granted to the Greek bishops.

But scarcely had peace been concluded when, in 1875-76, restless spirits sowed again the seeds of civil war in Bosnia, Bulgaria and the whole of Macedonia. The Greeks profited by these troubles, and, with the co-operation of the Turks, closed the churches and public schools, banished the exarch, dispersed the Bulgarian bishops, imprisoned or exiled the professors and other distinguished men.

The treaty of Berlin checked for a time, but

did not suppress the excitement, and the exarch was able to fix his residence in Constantinople. But the persecution broke out again in 1885, when the union between eastern Rumelia and Bulgaria was proclaimed; until finally the Ottoman government, yielding to the repeated representations of the exarch and the cloaked threats of the Stambuloff ministry, granted the *berat* to the Bulgarian bishops, which made them independent.

Then it was that the Patriarch of Constantinople, seeing his ancient rights snatched out of his hands, resolved upon a master-stroke and hurled an interdict against all the Greek churches of the empire, closed the civil tribunals and offices, suspended all religious functions, marriages, contracts, and all other proceedings dependent on his twofold quality of spiritual and temporal head of those of his faith. He hoped by this means to excite public discontent and to frighten the government. And, as a matter of fact, the government, fearing still more serious disturbances, especially in Candia, hastened to reassure the Greeks by making them some concessions; but seeing that the popular indignation was directed chiefly towards the patriarch, who showed such a disregard for their interests, the government was slow to make other concessions, wishing to see what effect those already made would have on the patriarch. But the latter remained obstinate, and demanded that the government should oblige the Bulgarian clergy to wear a distinctive habit which would proclaim them to be schismatics. This petition was signed by some ambassadors and by thirty thousand Greeks of Smyrna. The government then made some other concessions, nominal rather than real, and gave a simple notice to the clergy of Bulgaria that *it would be well* for them to wear a distinctive dress—of which notice the Bulgarians will avail themselves. Meanwhile the interdict on the Greek churches was removed and the public functions resumed, the patriarch being the loser in the dispute.

Of the tumults excited at these times it may be said that they scarcely deserve notice. As a specimen, take the insurrection at Prevesa. This is a little town straddling the promontory which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Arta in the Ionian Sea at a short distance from the Greek frontier. The inhabitants, almost without exception Greeks in origin and customs, were assembled one Sunday at the cathedral to assist at the Mass, when the Greek bishop made his appearance, and, ordering the doors of the church to be closed, he harangued the multitude.

in the public squares declaring that religion was persecuted by the Turks, the privileges of the patriarch were trampled upon, and the faith of the people of Greece was threatened. The audience received this discourse with applause, but made no further demonstrations, the Turkish garrison watching carefully for the public peace. Some days later five Greeks were arrested and led off to Ianina with an escort of fifty soldiers. Afterwards as many as three thousand Greeks assembled in that town, and, after the closing of their church wherein the privileges of the patriarch were discussed, they drew up a petition to the sultan. Thence the crowd proceeded to present their petition to the governor of the palace; but on the way, fancying themselves to be insulted by the Turks, they came to blows with them, and much blood might have been shed had not the garrison intervened, and by force of arms dispersed the crowd, arresting the leaders. These latter were at once sent into exile. And this is about the situation of affairs according to latest advices. There is a sort of peace, but will it last?

It looks doubtful. The opposition has succeeded in causing the fall of the prime minister, Tricupis, who bent all his energies towards maintaining friendly relations with Turkey, in spite of the warlike demonstrations of the majority of the Greeks. Tricupis well understands that if Time has a more glorious fate in store for Greece, the time of action has not yet arrived. For this reason he always opposed the insurrection of Candia, and confined his ambition to the endeavor to restore the national credit, make commerce flourish, bring agriculture into popular esteem, open new railroads and supply convenient carriage for the products of the country, and to secure such other institutions as are calculated to develop the country and make it prosperous. But the Greeks did not understand him. On the contrary, guided by their impulsive nature and their hatred of the Turk, they have entrusted the management of their affairs to Delgannis, who favors the policy of action as against the Turks. Time alone can tell which of the two ministers is in the right.

J. M. T.

Catholic Citizenship.

(Continued from page 455.)

dealing with this phase of the subject, let me say a word or two regarding a suggestion lately put forward in the East—looking to the organization of a "Catholic Party." I do not hesitate to stamp the suggestion as mischievous. We

want no Catholic party in American politics. There is neither room, nor is there justification for such a movement; and I am glad to see that the suggestion has been almost universally discredited, so I dismiss it without further comment.

The duty of Catholics in the public life of the country lies in acquitting themselves faithfully of their obligations as citizens, bearing always in mind what that obligation implies and imposes: A faithful regard for the Constitution and laws of the land, a proper vigilance for the just administration of government—National, State and Municipal,—a conscientious exercise of the franchise without fear or favor, so as to promote the welfare of the State and the best interests of community, and a steadfast adherence to principles of order, honor and civic virtue. These qualities and characteristics ought to be shiningly demonstrated in the conduct and career of the Catholic citizen. It would be invidious to name living examples among our Catholic citizens, who honorably exemplify in character and conduct the best qualities and most valuable traits and requisites of the faithful American citizen. I would not have to go outside the limits of St. Paul for examples known to the whole country.

But I may recall the names of two typical Catholics, both well known in life, who were recently called away in the midst of a life of busy and useful activity—John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, patriot and journalist. Who that knew him can speak of him now without emotion? His brilliant qualities, his manly character, his lovable traits and his ardent patriotism! Who would think of impeaching his loyalty to America and to American institutions? Only a few days ago, in your neighboring city of Prairie du Chien, was laid to rest a typical Western citizen—manly, pure-minded, public-spirited—John Lawler; his name throughout the country was the synonym for honor, integrity, high character, and he was a loyal, devoted Catholic. Let me add one other, the name of an honored, chivalrous Catholic soldier—Col. Richard F. O'Beirne, 21st Infantry, U. S. A., who was also lately summoned from earth. Col. O'Beirne was not perhaps widely known outside of army and official circles; he was the very type and model of a soldier—manly, brave, gentle and, above all, modest. How faithful he was to duty! how loyally he loved and served his country! These were types of the true Catholic citizen. But, I may be asked, do Catholics, as a rule, act up to the high standard I have set forth? Are they in political life, and as to their public duties, the ideal citizen I have pictured? I am afraid I should be obliged in frankness to answer no; not always and invariably. But the fault cannot certainly in fairness be charged to the Church. The evil has its root elsewhere and grows out of the other conditions. The standard of political morals and of civic virtue in the United States is, unfortunately, not the

most elevated. Indeed, it is the common remark of writers that the conditions of political life in this country, as to regard for public honor and integrity, are far beneath that existing in any government of Europe. And this is said to be especially true of American cities. Party machinery, the primary caucus and the convention, are usually under the control of the least worthy. It is the demagogue and the trading politician who rule and run things. We know that votes are often corruptly bought and sold; nominations brought about by tricks and scarcely concealed bribery in the caucuses and conventions; and that public interests are bartered away "for boodle," or other equivalent consideration, by aldermen, legislators and congressmen—aye, and I need not exclude senators! These are crying public scandals; I wish I could say that the name of a Catholic is never to be found in the lists of the known bribe-takers and boodlers.

It is the conditions of political life that are responsible for the low standard of public morals we see around us. Catholics fall into the pit as well as others; but they never so fall if they adhere faithfully to the law of God and the precepts of the Church.

Happily there are plenty of shining examples in all our cities and communities of Catholics trusted and honored for their integrity in public positions. Judges, spotless and unsullied in their personal and judicial character, who command in the highest degree the public respect and confidence, and other officials of high and low degree, whose unswerving honesty no man would challenge. I make no excuse; there can be no defense for the dishonesty and baseness of the political practices with which the country is unhappily too familiar. No one who truly loves his country, and who has a real concern for the country's future, can view these conditions with indifference. The evil is general; the examples are widespread, and yet there is no sign indicating a return to better methods and purer practices. We need a revival in manners and morals. As Edmund Burke said: "Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined: I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." In popular government like ours, the justice of the laws and the wisdom of the administration depend on the virtue and intelligence of the people. Good government demands not only strict obedience to law, but just laws to obey and wise administration. We are disposed to make great boast of our superior intelligence, of our general system of education.

But will these alone assure us better citizens and a higher standard of public morality? Herbert Spencer says: "We have no assurance that education, as commonly understood, is a pre-

vention of crime. Did much knowledge and piercing intelligence suffice to make men good, then Bacon should have been honest and Napoleon should have been good." And Huxley: "If I am a knave or a fool, teaching me to read and write wont make me less of either one or the other."

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* (Jan. 1889) remarks that "the growing number of youthful criminals and neglected children, and the audacious and shameless forms which the criminal spirit sometimes takes, is a serious problem to be grappled with." I emphasize these words because an increase of crime among the youth of a nation where there is an elaborate and costly system of education and great material prosperity is a sign and token of melancholy import.

I cannot too strongly condemn the indifference and contempt wildly shown for the sacredness of the ballot. This is something worse than a scandal—it is a crime. The citizen who abuses the privilege of suffrage by fraudulent voting deserves to be condignly punished—and I should say ought to be forever after disfranchised. Too little heed is given by many so-called Catholics to the conscientious exercise of this important privilege. They seem to forget that upon the ballot rests the entire superstructure of our laws and government. It is impossible to have just laws or a wise administration of the public affairs if the electors are unworthy or indifferent. This is not a question of party. The welfare of the State and of the municipality rises above mere party interests. I wish my Catholic fellow-citizens were more alive to the importance of this consideration than frequently appears from their acts and votes. In other words you cannot "run" the country without God. That experiment has been attempted again and again; history abounds in examples and warnings as to the result. "God and our Country" should be the accepted motto. Under it all can unite. Who can refuse to accept it? Catholic citizens have a special responsibility in the welfare and perpetuity of this, the best government—with all its imperfections—the world has ever known. There is given to us in this glorious land the noblest of earthly inheritances—freedom and opportunity.

Prelate and priest and layman alike prize it, and the voice of each and all is heard adjuring us by all that is sacred and binding to guard with vigilant solicitude this precious inheritance—above all to prove ourselves worthy of it. Every high and ennobling motive and principle appeals to us. As the accomplished Dr. M. F. Egan truly said: "We are heirs of the ages, and we owe a duty to our faith, to ourselves, to the world around us—a duty of the highest civilization as well as a perfect Christianity." If we shall show ourselves faithful to the high and exalted "duties" of citizenship, I am persuaded we would have little cause to fear any serious invasion of our "rights."

Local Items.

- April show—
- Put “n” instead of “h.”
- Our weather prophet has the “blues.”
- If you don’t take that away, I’ll spit in it.
- The lecture bureau of ’90-’91 deserves the thanks of the student body.
- Remote preparations for Commencement have already begun.
- It is time for renewed activity in the matter of the Lyons’ Monument fund.
- Rev. President Walsh will lecture at Plymouth, Ind., on next Thursday evening.
- Mr. John Ellwanger, of Dubuque, spent Sunday and Monday visiting his son William of Carroll Hall.
- It is understood that the Oratorical and Elocutionary contests will be held this year on a special day about three weeks before Commencement,
- The members of the Band will soon appear in new and elegant uniforms. Their splendid martial appearance will, no doubt, make their excellent music all the more effective.
- A number of visitors from South Bend attended Miss Starr’s lecture on Thursday last. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. P. O’Brien, Mrs. Prof. Egan, Mrs. Knoblock, and others.
- A fine portrait of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, handsomely framed in gold, has been added to the collection in Bishops’ Memorial Hall through the kindness of a Wisconsin friend.
- The Rev. J. A. Zahm will take his departure for Washington on Monday next. He will be absent for three weeks, during which time he will deliver a course of six lectures on “Sound” in the Catholic University.
- Though he makes no pretence to vocal culture, James has quite established his “rep.” It will be gratifying to his numerous friends to know that the ancient rivalry is now at an end. He has met the enemy as he is.
- Bro. Fabian, C. S. C., who paid a flying visit to the College last week, reports St. Columbkille’s School in a flourishing condition, owing to the skilful administration of Bro. Gabriel and the devotedness of his able assistants.
- The lecture on Raphael’s “Parnassus,” delivered by Miss Starr, was a literary and artistic treat and highly appreciated. The gifted lady was frequently greeted with applause drawn forth by the eloquent words of instruction with which her address was interspersed.
- The Rev. W. Wrobel, of Michigan City, Ind., was a welcome visitor on Tuesday last. Father Wrobel was, for a time, assistant Rector of St. Mary’s Church in that city, of which the Rev. J. Bleckman, ’67, is the zealous Rector. Since January last he has had sole charge of the large and growing Polish congregation, and

is now actively engaged in the erection of a fine church.

—Under the careful direction of their genial instructor, Captain F. B. Chute, the “Sorin Cadets” have reached a degree of perfection in the use of arms that has never been equalled in the history of the Minim Department. The Minims of 1891 should feel proud of their representatives in our military circle, for they certainly reflect great credit on their department, on themselves and on their commander; and though they have still much to learn, with a pennant lashed to the mast of perfection, the cadets are not the boys to cease their efforts until the field has been fought and won.

—The services in the college church on Easter Sunday were, as befitting the day, of an unusually impressive character. The grand altar was beautifully decorated with natural flowers and resplendent with myriads of lights. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers O’Neill and Boland as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent and instructive sermon on “The Resurrection, the Fundamental Dogma of Christian Faith,” was preached by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby. The music by the College choir, under the direction of Prof. Liscombe, was of a high order and well executed.

—“The Success of Patrick Desmond” is the name of Maurice F. Egan’s new novel, appearing as a serial in the *Ave Maria*. In life-like character, drawing and dramatic power it promises to exceed even his widely popular “Disappearance of John Longworthy.” Mr. Egan is working a new vein in American fiction. He is doing for the Irish-American what Cable has done for the Creole, and Howells and James for the Bostonian. “Poor Miles,” known to every man and woman of Irish blood in real life, was never before portrayed in a novel. He is as distinctly a new and real type in fiction as Howells’ “Bartley Hubbard,” or Cable’s “Narcisse,” or Kathleen O’Meara’s “Sœur Marguerite” in “Narka.” —*Boston Pilot*.

—On Sunday evening, March 29, was held the regular meeting of the Mock Congress to consider the bill of impeachment brought against Messrs. Paquette and Morrison. The attorneys for the congress were P. Coady and H. P. Brelsford. The accused were represented by the Hon. W. P. Blackman.

The case was opened by P. Coady who made a clear statement of the charges brought against the accused. W. P. Blackman responded on behalf of the defence, and outlined the case of his clients. The written evidence of Dr. Berteling was accepted. The witnesses subpoenaed for the prosecution were: Congressmen J. B. Sullivan, H. Murphy; J. B. Fitzgibbon, C. Cavanagh.

The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was conducted by H. P. Brelsford, and the fact was brought out that there was an attempt made to disable members of the Con-

gress. W. P. Blackman summoned C. Paquette to the witness stand. It was made clear to all by his evidence that the accused labored in the interests of science and were influenced by the most philanthropic motives; and, instead of being impeached, should receive great praise for their actions. The attorney for the prosecution utterly failed to browbeat Mr. Paquette, and distort his evidence. On account of the lateness of the hour the trial rested here, and Congress adjourned.

—The Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., is Chaplain and Prof. W. Hoynes, Colonel of the Militia at Notre Dame. The following is the roster of

COMPANY "A."

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

L. P. Chute, Captain;
C. Cavanagh, 1st Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant;
T. Coady, 2d Lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

J. E. Berry, Orderly Sergeant;	H. Allen, 1st Corporal;	
F. Krembs, 1st Sergeant;	D. Cartier, 2d ";	J. Newman, 2d "
O. Sullivan, 3d "	J. M. Gruber, 3d "	
P. Coady, 4th "	L. Davis, 4th "	

PRIVATES:

J. Correy,	G. Lancaster,	H. Schwarz,
S. C. Curtis,	E. J. Kelly,	R. Whitehead,
C. L. Dahler,	O. Lindeke,	B. T. White,
Ed. Browne,	W. Lindeke,	J. McConlogue,
J. M. Flannigan,	A. V. Magnus,	W. Woodard,
T. A. Flannigan,	E. McGonigle,	H. Wood,
R. E. Frizzelle,	E. Miller,	C. Priestly,
P. Gillon,	J. Murphy,	V. Vurpillat,
W. Hausske,	J. Mug,	N. Burch,
O. Johnson,	R. Myler,	H. Murphy,
A. Lancaster,	A. Robinson,	E. Vidal.

—BASE-BALL PROSPECTS:—As the base-ball season is near at hand the interest in the game revives, and the fiend is to be found muffing flies in every quarter. The reporter, hearing that the association meeting was to be held April 9, and that the elections to the various offices would be bitterly contested, interviewed many of the prominent men on the subject, and this is the result:

Mr. Fitzgibbon was found deeply interested in reading an account of the bold feats of an Ohio youth in the *Newark Daily American*. In reply to the reporter's question regarding the great American game, he said: "Well, the prospects for base-ball this year are not as bright as last; still from the showing made by the new students we may yet gather together a creditable team. For captaincy? Why that eminent temperance advocate, C. J. Gillon. Of course, as for the other captain, Joe Combe ought to fill the bill nicely. Both are good players, both have a thorough knowledge of the game, and I am certain that base-ball could not be given into better hands. If Gillon will not accept, Smith would be an excellent choice. A cigar? No. I am training for a still hunt expedition and must improve my wind."

C. J. Gillon was found reading "The Life of M. J. Kelly, the Bostonian." He had but little to say, and he said it quickly: "I think we have many good players here, and if they would only practise we could have a first-class ball team. The best men for captains are the two Josies—Smith and Combe. Fitzgibbon should be elected to captain the special team. Have you any pipe tobacco? No? Well, ta, ta!"

Mr. Frank McCabe spoke as follows in reply to the question could he play ball: "Well, I don't like to talk much about myself; but I have overheard my advance agent say that I was a 'lulu' of a player. No, I am not

a candidate for captain. I will vote for the best men every time."

Joe Smith said: "I would like to see Bell and Covert captains. Charlie Gillon should be the man for the special team. I don't think that we will be able to defeat Yale and Harvard this year, but we can and will beat the *Minims*.

Lew Gillon was breathing the beautiful song "Guess Again" into the desert air when the reporter captured him. After he had sung eleven verses the reporter stopped him and asked his opinion upon the outlook for base-ball. "I'm not old enough to know," he replied; "but still I think we are going to have a birdy ball team. I have not thought of the election, but I know that the right men will get the right places."

Pierce Murphy thought that the prospects were very good. He said: "The only man who is capable of managing a special team is P. Murphy. I am for him to-day to-morrow and forever. No, thanks: cigars make me sick."

Joe Combe was found making home-run hits at Tiddley Winks. He abused the scribe for a few moments, and then politely asked what was wanted. Being informed, he replied: "If we can persuade our pitchers to practise I think we can pull through the season. The election is very uncertain, and I have no idea who will be chosen for captains. I think Fitzgibbon would make a good special captain. C. Gillon is also good."

ROLL OF HONOR.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry,* Brady, Bachrach, Blackman, L. Chute, F. Chute, Daniels, Du Brul, Hackett, Hummer, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Rothert, Schaack, C. Scheerer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scheerer, J. B. Sullivan, F. J. Sullivan, Tivnen, Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Bell, Brown, Benz, Cassidy, Castenado, Correll, Combe, Carroll, P. Coady, T. Coady, P. Crawley, Chilcote, Devanny, Dunlap, Delaney, J. Flannigan, L. Gillon, Gruber, Heard, Hausee, Houlihan, J. Johnson, Joslyn, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, Lesner, Layton, Langan, McGrath, McCabe, Monarch, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, H. Murphy, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCallan, F. McCabe, Newman, G. O'Brien,* Olde, O'Shea, Powers, Phillips, Richardson, Rebillott, Ragan, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vital, Wood, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Burns, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, B. Bates, Bachrach, Browning, J. Brown, Beaud, Brown, Chassaing, Cole, Coe, Connelly, Collins, Connors, Corry, Cummings, Du Bois, Dion, Drumm, Davidson, Delany, Dorsey, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Flannigan, Arthur Funke, Alf. Funke, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, Gerlach, Gifford, J. Greene, A. Greene, Grund, Garennes des, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Hannin, Jackson, Jewett, Kearney, Kennedy, Kick, Keith, Kaumeyer, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, Lorie, La Moure, H. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Monarch, Marr, Miller, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, Morrison, MacLeod, Nichols, Nestor, Orton, Payne, Pope, Quinlan, Renesch, Roper, W. Regan, Rend, Rice, Shimp, Spurgeon, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sullivan, Treff, Tong, Teeter, Thornton, Todd, Taylor, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, F. Brown, O. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cornell, Coon, Crandall, Chapoton, Croke, Cross, A. Crepeau, E. Crepeau, Christ, Corry, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Durand, Everest, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, E. Furthmann, Fossick, Funke, W. Freeman, T. Finnerty, W. Fin-

* Omitted by mistake last week.

nerty, J. Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Gavin, Healy, Hoffman, Hathaway, Hamilton, Howell, Higginson, Jonquet, Jones, King, Kinney, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loughran, Londoner, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbury, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Longevin, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lawrence, McPhee, Maternes, McCarthy, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, MacLeod, McGinley, Nichols, Oatman, O'Neill, O'Connor, Otero, Pieser, Pellenz, Paul, Platts, Patterson, Ronning, Roesing, Rose, Russell, G. Scheerer, W. Scheerer, Stone, Steele, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Young, Zoehrlaut.

Letters from the Archives of Bishops'
Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

VII.

Letter written by Rt. Rev. Bishop David to Mary Magdalen Neale, Monastery of the Visitation of the B. V. M., Georgetown, D. C.:

"NAZARETH, KY., Jan. 16, 1833.

"I received your dear favor by Rev. Mr. Evremond, and to my great sorrow I have mislaid it where I cannot find it. You will not be surprised at this any more than at my long delay in answering you when you know what a frightful storm has passed over my head since that time. I say passed, for, thanks be to God, it is passed, and, I hope, never to return. My good Bishop Flaget had taken it into his mind to resign his bishopric, which by right then devolved on me, and consented to designate for me a coadjutor, which he thought a sufficient help for my old age and numerous infirmities. His abdication was accepted at Rome, and every dispatch sent to me from that centre of ecclesiastical authority to constitute me Bishop of Bardstown, indults, faculties, Bulls for my coadjutor, etc.; nothing was wanting to make the burden completely overwhelming. To express to you what I felt would be in vain. I shed more tears during three days than I have since I came to Kentucky. It was a profound affliction united with astonishment at the step of that good Bishop in whom his humility and the desire of a retired life had caused to forget all the sentiments of friendship and gratitude for one who had faithfully served him twenty-two years. He was all this while absent on a visitation of a part of his diocese, showing his *infirmitas* by a journey of several hundred miles on horseback. The Bishop of St. Louis met him at Vincennes and persuaded him to accompany him to his own city and St. Genevieve, etc. This was a trait of a merciful Providence in my behalf. My letter of sorrow, lamentation and complaint at what he had done reached him at St. Genevieve, and was read by my true, generous friend, Bishop Rosati. I desired Bishop Flaget to bring him along with him to Bardstown, to consecrate, as I thought then, my coadjutor. But Providence had other views, and Bishop Rosati did not much contemplate that consecration. He had already expressed his surprise to Bishop Flaget and begun to press him to retrace his steps. This was happily effected at Nazareth. We all three bishops offered Mass on St. John's day to obtain the light of God by the intercession of that beloved disciple of Our Lord. After we met together in private and found our good prelate willing to resume his charge, provided a coadjutor would be given him without delay, which will be effected, we all wrote to Rome—I to implore the mercy of the Holy Father and his ratification of what we had done, and entreat also the Cardinal Prefect to support my petition; Bishop Rosati to the said Cardinal to express his assent to the measure.

"Our letters are gone to the See of Peter, and I hope I will obtain the favor of living in solitude, peace and retirement in my cottage of Nazareth, without any other title than that of Superior of Nazareth, at liberty now to make my more immediate preparation for the great journey of eternity. I am obliged to retain, till letters come from Rome, the title of Bishop of Bardstown, which

is no great burden; for I have already bestowed on my dear Bishop the whole administrative powers, which he has immediately begun to exercise. Join me in giving thanks to God for this happy event, and beg your good Mother and fervent Sisters to do the same; and while they admire with me the profound humility and eminent sanctity of Bishop Flaget, which appears as much in his re-assumption as in his abdication, let them pray for us both that we may continue to serve the Church of God, each according to his station; I wished to write a great deal more, but a pressure of unanswered letters oblige me to conclude by assuring you of the sincere and lasting affection with which I remain

"Your ever devoted Father,
"X JOHN B. M. Bp. of Bardstown."

The above was found by the Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall among a lot of rubbish in an old store room in Washington.

VIII.

[Extract from a letter written by Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget to Very Rev. F. Rezé, of Cincinnati, afterwards first Bishop of Detroit.]

"BARDSTOWN, KY., Jan. 9, 1833.

"MY DEAR M. REZE:

"....As to a very intimate friend I will tell you of my own private affairs, in regard to my resignation—of which you must have certainly heard—I will tell you briefly how this favor was granted me. My direct petition to the Sovereign Pontiff was that he might grant M. Chabrat, as the oldest, and, I may say, the most learned of my priests, faculties to administer the sacrament of Confirmation without any episcopal consecration, and to aid me in the general administration. Knowing, however, that there might be difficulties in granting such a privilege, especially as there were already two bishops in the same diocese, I added that if my resignation were deemed necessary, I would, with all my heart, after more than forty years passed in the missions of America, retire from the stage where labors and trials were never wanting, to enjoy for the little time that may remain to me, the sweets of solitude and rest. In regard to this latter point it is settled that Monsignor David is by right bishop, with Mgr. Chabrat for coadjutor. Would to God that everybody was as well pleased as I am with the news of these changes! *Mais mon Dieu*, after all that I have heard and seen, it seems that everybody has complaints to make except myself. Mgr. Rosati has very generously offered his counsels and mediation, and after having seen and heard both the clergy and the people he has come to the following decisions: (1) That Mgr. David shall remain upon the field in order to send his resignation. (2) That I shall submit to the will of the Pope and resume the burthen if such be his good pleasure. (3) That Mgr. David shall at once pass over to me the whole administration of the diocese, and that I shall accept the same. (4) That Mgr. Chabrat shall remain in *statu quo* until such time as answers to our letters come from Rome. Let us pray one for another. I have great confidence in your prayers and those of the grand work you have effected in the establishment of the Leopoldine Association for the Propagation of the Faith. Continue, I beg of you, to interest yourself in my behalf with your pious associates and count the lively gratitude and friendship of your old Bishop,

"X BENOIT JOSEPH."

The above letter was presented to the archives by Rev. Father Dempsey.

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The foregoing documents possess a special interest as relating to the much mooted question as to the actual existence of Mgr. David's title as Bishop of Bardstown. So that Bishop Flaget, when, in accordance with the decision of Rome, resumed the title became the third bishop of Bardstown after being its first Bishop.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. J. M. Scanlan, of the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, was a welcome visitor during the past week.

—Very Rev. Father General honored Miss Starr's first lecture with his presence, and among the audience who listened to her discourse on "Parnassus" were Rev. President Walsh of the University, Rev. Fathers Scherer, Hagerty and Quigley.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were: Hon John Gibbons; Miss C. Dempsey, '90; Miss M. Sullivan, '88; Mrs. R. Clayton, Georgetown, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lynch, Chicago; Mrs. F. Bunbury, Jackson, Mich.; Mr. M. McGuire, Edgerton, Ohio; Mr. Thos. Seely, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Root, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. J. Gilmore, Mrs. A. Moore, Mrs. F. Brady, Mrs. M. Kelley, Danville, Ill.; and Miss A. Wagner, of Lafayette, Ind.

—Easter Sunday dawned clear and bright in fitting harmony with the joy in all hearts. In the church the altar blazed with countless lights, bringing out the white beauty of the profusion of lilies that exhaled their perfume around the dwelling-place of Him who of old was mindful even of the "lilies of the field." The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Scherer, with Rev. Fathers Hudson and Quigley as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The sermon delivered by Rev. Father Hudson was in keeping with the great and crowning festival of the ecclesiastical year. Impressive in the lessons it inculcated and of striking beauty of language, it will not soon be forgotten. Dwelling upon the fleeting nature of the world's applause, the Rev. speaker beautifully said: "The ephemeral praise of this life is like the flash of a meteor in the night of time." The fine music of Haydn's Imperial Mass was well rendered by the choir, and immediately after Mass was sung the Hallelujah chorus from Handel's "Messiah."

Miss Starr's Course of Lectures.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, St. Mary's old-time friend and honored guest, during the past week gave a series of excellent lectures. In the initial one of the course extracts were read from Dante's *La Vita Nuova*, or "New Life," together with many of that poet's most beautiful sonnets, the lecture putting such an interpretation upon the same as to give the key to all Dante's writings. As the portrait of the lovely and gentle Beatrice grew beneath the lecturer's delicate touch, one ceased to wonder at the lofty feel-

ing of veneration entertained for her by the great Dante. With such an inspiration, the grandeur of the Divine Comedy is no longer a marvel. And yet the poet never desired to win this "youngest of the angels," as he was pleased to term her, but rather found his delight in respectful admiration of her beauty and virtue. Many lessons of wisdom and good counsel were taught during the progress of the lecture; the influence exerted by Beatrice being cited as an example and incentive to all young ladies in society that those with whom they come in contact may thereby be lifted to higher and holier aims. "The Shepherd Boy of Vespiignano" was the theme of the second lecture; in it was told the story of the boy genius, Giotto, from the hour when, lying upon the green sward of his native hills, he sketched the lambs as they frisked before him till the leaves from the bay-tree encircled his brow. Many of the renowned paintings adorning the walls and ceilings of Florentine churches were described and illustrated by photographs of the same. In this field of description Miss Starr is quite at home, having enjoyed the advantage of studying these great works in the beautiful city of Florence itself.

But the crowning lecture of the course was that on "Parnassus or Poesy," which proved, indeed, a name to conjure with. At once the admiration and despair of those who heard it, by its loftiness of sentiment, the wide research and deep study it represented and the elegance of the language employed to give anything like a correct account of it, is out of the question.

A stereopticon view of Raphael's great fresco on the wall of "*La Camera della Segnatura*, or the Chamber of Signature," was used to illustrate the lecture, and served to stamp it indelibly upon the memory. A view of the heights of Parnassus revealed Apollo as if in the act of drawing sweet music from the violin and surrounded as with a garland by the Muses. Outside this charmed circle were grouped all the great poets of Greece and Rome in whose company stood the immortal Dante. Towering above his laurel-crowned companions stood the majestic Homer, his very attitude indicating blindness, and near by a youthful circle as if writing the magic words as they fell from his lips. A little in the background appeared the gentle Virgil, his modest bearing revealing, one could imagine, the lofty soul of the poet. Here the lecturer dwelt with special tenderness on the many claims of Virgil upon our admiration, referring to his predictions in regard to the birth of Our Blessed Lord, which he did not live to see.

Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Horace, the satirist, and the "burning Sappho" and, in fact, each member of this great picture, was described in Miss Starr's inimitable manner, leaving nothing to be desired.

To sum up the matter, no report, however lengthy, could do justice to the lecture; to be appreciated as it deserves it must be heard. All who have the honor of Miss Starr's acquaintance have felt the force of her personality, and are familiar with the quaint charm of expression with which she invests a theme, not the least of which is the pleasing vein of satire running through her lectures. Talent, travel, culture and refinement are the factors that have achieved success for this true gentlewoman; her aim is to elevate and enoble the minds of her hearers; and this is a labor blessed of God.

A Plea for Little People.

"There is no little thing
In nature; in a rainbow's compass lie
A planet's elements."

From earliest ages have writers insisted upon the importance of trifles. Examples innumerable have been given illustrating the truth that size is not always indicative of worth. By means of botany the vegetable kingdom gives its proofs in the shape of tiny seeds from which mighty forest trees have sprung, or which have furnished the "staff of life"; mineralogy, with its treasures, offers indisputable arguments; chemistry bids us despise not the smallest atom, and mechanics cannot fail to impress the student that the tiniest spring or screw in a machine is of moment. Taking for granted that "little things" are fully appreciated by mankind, it is the purpose of these lines to prove that "little people" are quite as able and important as those to whom nature has assigned greatness of size. "Might makes right" is the motto which is held before the timid gaze of one of diminutive stature, and a condescending smile greets him if he ventures to say: "Precious articles are done up in little packages." While it is true that the Orient was the birthplace of many teachings of philosophical truth, it is also true that many fallacies originated there. One of these, namely, that greatness of character supposes greatness of size has come down to us, and, in spite of numerous proofs as to the falsity of such an argument, it holds a firm place in many minds to-day.

History tells us that Alexander the Great was small of stature, and yet, within the compass of a slight frame he held the powers of a mighty warrior. Pepin of France, who was instrumental

in furthering the interests of the Church, was of such small stature that he was surnamed "the Short"; of him it was said: "He was great in everything but size." Napoleon, whose prowess has been told in every land, and whose exploits will live while memory belongs to man, was much below the average height; and in our own times we have a noble example in the career of General Sheridan, known as "Little Phil," whose bravery and military genius won for him the love of all Americans. Leaving the battlefield, we find in literature a striking argument in favor of little people in the person of Alexander Pope, whose life-work still influences the world. Daily experience, too, teaches us that in great bodies, the heart and mind may be very small, while many a "Dame Durden" may carry in a small frame a heart large enough to hold sympathy and affection for all who need comfort. If we are great in mind and heart, then are we truly great; and when we are called from this world, we will leave a greater void among those with whom we associated than many a one who took up more space in this vast world of ours.

EVA QUEALEY

(First Senior Class).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bero, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, M. Byrnes, Brady, Black, Bogart, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cowan, Crilly, Cooper, Call, Carpenter, Crane, Calderwood, Dority, Dennison, B. Du Bois, L. Du Bois, D. Davis, Dempsey, Mary Donehue, M. Donehue, Dougherty, Daley, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Hamilton, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hopkins, Hunt, Haight, D. Johnson, G. Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kasper, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, M. Moore, Murison, McCormack, Mullaney, McCune, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, McCarthy, E. Murphy, Nacey, Nester, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, Naughton, O. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pugsley, Pengeman, Quinlan, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Kizer, Rose, Robbins, Ryder, Ripley, Robinson, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sanford, Sena, E. Seeley, Singler, Thirds, Tipton, Tod, M. Tormey, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wolfe, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, Adelsperger, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, Clifford, M. Davis, Dennison, B. Davis, Doble, Dreyer, Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, B. Germain, Hamilton, Hickey, L. Holmes, Hammond, C. Kasper, M. Kelly, McLaughlin, Meskill, Mills, Mestling, O'Mara, E. Quealy, Roesing, Reeves, Soper, E. Shaffer, Scherrer, J. Smyth, L. Schaefer, N. Smyth, A. Seeley, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, E. Wagner, White, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, Windsor, Young.